





## COMMUNICATIONS.

Boston, Oct. 31, 1846.

### DEAR FRIENDS:

Nothing surprises me now-a-days, and so the singular controversy between your General Agent, Samuel Brooke, and Milton Sutcliffe, Esq., relative to the Cleveland American, does not. Nothing in all my acquaintance with the people of Ohio has grieved and pained me, until I saw Mr. Sutcliffe's positive denial of the statements of Mr. Brooke. I have told many people since I returned to New England, that there was in Ohio, one family of three brothers, all Lawyers, and members of Third party, who never would sacrifice truth and justice to love of party. From my usual character for truth, few have doubted that it might be so, though some

But what do we see now? of Third party's journals in Ohio, are publishing the grossest falsehoods against persons as good, at least, as themselves; and when the injured have sought opportunity to correct the outrageous abuse, why, they are very coolly denied all opportunity. And two of these brothers are silent, and the other writes and publishes a communication, virtually approving the base transaction, and denying point blank, his own well attested assertions.

One of these editors, Gamaliel Bailey, with extreme modesty, comes and demands a whole page of the Bugle for one correction of what he deemed a wrong done him, (which, however, was no wrong,) and he has it, as he would have had the whole paper, had he desired it. And this same man will not admit a communication of a few square inches into his paper, though he had inflicted on the person desiring the favor, a most wanton and wicked injury.

Such are the papers whose circulation Mr. Sutcliffe says he ardently desires. Whether my opinion of him has not been too exalted, let him decide.

My testimony, as an eye and ear witness to what Samuel Brooke asserts, is, that he is not only substantially correct, but that much of similar import, might have been added. The witness thus borne, is one of the most painful incidents of my whole life; and though cheerfully rendered, is yet only given from a stern conviction of duty. Who is there now left in Third party, to be trusted?

You have doubtless heard of the death of Nath'l. P. Rogers. Painful as is the event, I could well have borne it, had he died fully reconciled to all his early, and to the last, admiring friends. Fearful, indeed, is the bereavement to his family. Few families could justly draw more largely on the community for its sympathy.

Of the unhappy difficulties that embittered the last two years of his life, and lost to his friends the bliss of former intercourse, it may be said they have never been appreciated nor understood. Few men are more powerfully influenced by circumstances, than was Mr. Rogers. There were causes existing, for which others than he were responsible, that have never been fully revealed; and which, taken in connection with his peculiarity of constitution, have done more to produce the results we so much deplore, than any of those to which so much attention has been directed. His panegyrists, are not every one of them, worthy to speak of his virtues. Some of them are of lips far too profane. What new light time may throw upon the sad occurrence of the last two years, remains to be seen. Of one thing we may be assured; the grief of those who in pronouncing their eulogies, will trample the last vestige of truth under their feet, can never break their hearts. Far too good a man was Nathaniel Peabody Rogers, for such to praise, frailties though he had. In him, his affectionate family have sustained a mighty, an irreparable loss. So has the world. His family was the world.

The transparency of his constitution and temperance, showed all his failings to the worst advantage. But he has written his name on the age, and the mould of long coming time, cannot efface it.

Yours to cherish his memory,

PARKER PILLSBURY.

WARREN, O., Nov. 10, 1846.

To the Editors of the Anti-Slavery Bugle: A friend has just presented me your paper of the 30th ult., and called my attention to an article over the signature of S. S. Foster. I am surprised at seeing such a communication from a man whom I have been in the habit of regarding as a "more sinned against, than sinning."

My former correction of Mr. Brooke's statement is strictly true, and this even the statement contained in Mr. Foster's communication shows.

I am, however, sorry that I had not presumed further upon the indulgence of the conductors of your paper, and in that communication given my exposition, briefly, of what I did say in relation to the Cleveland American. This I should have done, had I not supposed all my letter to the Cleveland American would have appeared in that paper; and which would have read as follows:

"WARREN, O. Sept. 20, 1846.

L. L. Rice, Esq., Dear Sir: I have received your letter of the 18th inquiring whether I expressed myself in regard to the Cleveland American, as represented by Mr. Brooke in the Anti-Slavery Bugle of the 11th inst.—I never expressed, either at Mecca or else-

where, such a sentiment; nor did I ever entertain such a sentiment towards the Cleveland American, or any other anti-slavery paper. I must have been entirely misunderstood by Mr. Brooke. I remember, upon the occasion referred to, Mr. Foster, in the catalogue of charges made against the Liberty party, had one in relation to your paper, that it had misrepresented himself and associates, perhaps in relation to a meeting they had held in Unionville; and that you had refused to admit a communication from him in reply. I remarked that the affair was a personal one between Mr. Foster and the editor of your paper; and respecting the merits of which the audience could not judge, not having yet heard your version of the matter. Mr. F. then inquired whether I would sustain a paper opposed to free discussion, &c. &c. I intended throughout the discussion to give a direct answer to every question proposed; and remember answering all the questions upon this subject very decidedly in favor of free discussion. I insisted that your paper had always while I had been acquainted with it been of that character. I suggested that it was the duty of the editor to regard the phraseology of the matter, and the character of all communications, as you were responsible for the paper, and the character of which would otherwise be beyond your control. I think Mr. F. asked me if I would sustain a party I knew to be opposed to freedom of the press, and were sustaining an editor knowing him to be opposed to the freedom of the press; to which, I of course, answered in the negative—but, in none of my remarks, conceded the justness of Mr. Foster's charges against the American, or any other of the Liberty papers.

I have written the Bugle, and presume they will correct the statement of Mr. B. in their paper.

Very respectfully, yours &c., &c.

M. SUTCLIFF.

The foregoing letter I wrote when my mind was for the first time called to the subject after the discussion; and then gave my best recollection of the matter. I do not pretend to have given the language used by Mr. Foster, or myself; nor the substance in all particulars; but I do think the foregoing a fair and substantially correct statement of my remarks in relation to the Cleveland American.

It is idle for Mr. Foster to attempt to sustain Mr. Brooke, by saying that he has a distinct recollection of hearing me express the sentiment attributed to me. I know that I never entertained, or expressed the sentiment attributed to me by Mr. Brooke; and Mr. Foster either knows this, or that his own statement is entirely erroneous. Let us place the two in juxtaposition:

Mr. Brooke—"Referring to the remark that the Liberty party was responsible for the course and character of the Cleveland American, Milton Sutcliffe said, 'If I supposed the Liberty party understood the character of that paper and continued to support it, I would abandon the party.'"

Mr. Foster—"But, said I, the party sustains Mr. Rice and enables him to carry on his mean and cowardly warfare upon the Anti-Slavery cause, and you sustain the party." Mr. S. did not dispute the facts alleged against the American, nor the soundness of the principles on which I had based my charges against the party, but suggested that the party might be ignorant of the facts, as he had hitherto been, in which case it was not responsible; and he added that if he supposed they were generally known and the party would still continue to support Mr. Rice, he would abandon it."

Now can it be possible that Mr. Foster, or any other man seeing the two statements, that of Mr. Brooke, representing me as attacking the Cleveland American, and that of Mr. Foster admitting that he himself brought the charges against that paper, and that I merely did not dispute the facts alleged by him, can regard the two statements as similar. All that Mr. Foster charges me with, in relation to the American, is saying that if I thought the charges brought against it by him were true, and generally known, and the party then continued to support the American, I would abandon the party.

As to the loss of honor by disclaiming having denounced the American, or its editor, intimated by Mr. Foster, it seems to me to have little to do with this controversy. I agree, however, with Mr. F. that party has a strong bias upon any mind, and for this reason I would have preferred another man's statement to his own in deciding this matter. I have called upon Mr. Powers, and Mr. Tuttle, attorneys of this place, and members of the Democratic party, and of course indifferent in feeling between us, to give their statements of my remarks at Mecca. I have not yet seen their statement, but promise to send it when obtained, and hope it may be published. Mr. Foster does me injustice to suppose I am peculiarly devoted to party. I am not more particularly identified with a party than himself. I hold it the right of every person to believe every Sunday, if truth shall seem to require the change. Position is only a means; Truth the great object. So too of the liberty of the press, and free discussion; I am the firm friend of both. I regard them as the eyes of our social intelligence; and will never patronize a paper that is opposed to this liberty in a large and liberal sense; nor will I stand connected with a party that opposes this liberty.

Very respectfully,

M. SUTCLIFF.

To the Editors of the Anti-Slavery Bugle:

Enclosed please receive and publish the statements of Messrs. Tuttle and Powers, mentioned in my communication of yesterday.

Very respectfully yours, &c., &c.

M. SUTCLIFF.

Warren, O., Nov. 11, 1846.

I was present at Mecca at the time of a

discussion between Mr. Foster and M. Sutcliffe, Esq., and heard Mr. Sutcliffe's remarks. Mr. Foster charged that the Cleveland American, a Liberty party paper, had published an article, or made statements personally affecting him and others perhaps, which were not true, but had refused to publish Mr. Foster's reply thereto, made for the purpose of correcting the matter. I understood Mr. Foster to charge this against the Liberty party on the ground that they supported and tolerated the paper. I did not understand Mr. Sutcliffe to admit the facts charged against the Cleveland American. Neither do I now recollect that he undertook positively to deny them. According to my present recollection of the understanding I then had, he did not choose to put himself in the position of either admitting or denying charges of which he, and as I presume most of those present, had no knowledge, except from the statements of Mr. Foster. I understood Mr. Sutcliffe to reply to Mr. Foster's objection by saying that the Liberty party would tolerate a paper which would make false and incorrect statements concerning the persons or principles of its opponents, and then refuse to publish reasonable explanations or corrections, provided the party knew of the obnoxious conduct, and that until they did so, they, as a party, were not responsible for the conduct of the paper. I understood him also to say that when the Liberty party would act in a different manner he would not support it, and would admit that it was justly liable to all that might be said against it.

GEO. M. TUTTLE.

Nov. 11, 1846.

I was also present during the debate at Mecca between Milton Sutcliffe, Esq., and S. S. Foster. I have attentively examined the above statement, and think it is a correct version of what was then said by the gentlemen when touching upon this branch of their debate.

RIDGLEY I. POWERS.

## ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

SALEM, NOVEMBER 20, 1846.

"I love agitation when there is cause for it—the alarm bell which startles the inhabitants of a city, saves them from being burned in their beds."—Edmund Burke.

Persons having business connected with the paper, will please call on James Barnaby, corner of Main and Chestnut sts.

### Anti-Slavery Meetings.

B. S. and J. ELIZABETH JONES will hold Anti-Slavery meetings at

Freedom, Portage Co., Sunday and Monday, the 22nd and 23rd.

Garrettsville, Portage Co., Tuesday, the 24th.

Southington, Trumbull Co., Thursday and Friday, the 26th and 27th.

Mecca, Trumbull Co., Saturday and Sunday, the 28th and 29th.

Greene, Trumbull Co., Tuesday, December 1st.

Andover, Ashtabula Co., Thursday and Friday, the 3rd and 4th.

New Lyme, Ashtabula Co., Saturday, the 5th.

Austintown, Ashtabula Co., Sunday, the 6th.

Unionville, Lake County, Tuesday, the 8th.

Montville, Geauga Co., Thursday and Friday, the 10th and 11th.

Chardon, Geauga Co., Saturday and Sunday, the 12th and 13th.

Munson, Geauga Co., Tuesday and Wednesday, the 15th and 16th.

Kirtland, Lake Co., on Thursday and Friday the 17th and 18th.

Painesville, Lake Co., Saturday and Sunday, the 19th and 20th.

All of the above meetings will be held in the afternoon and evening of the days mentioned commencing at 1 o'clock, except those at Edinburg, Ravenna, and Mecca, which will commence in the evening, and continue through the following afternoon and evening, and if the friends at Mecca desire it, a meeting will also be held there on Sunday forenoon.

Will the friends of the cause please make all necessary arrangements for the above appointments; and as the speakers have no mode of conveyance of their own, they will be obliged to depend on the kindness of the friends of the cause to carry them to the places of their appointment.

SAM'L BROOKE, General Agent.

### Anti-Slavery Convention and Fair.

To be held at Economy, Wayne county, Indiana, on the 27th and 28th of this month.

A variety of articles of taste and utility will be offered for sale; also an assortment of A. S. Books.

The friends of the slave every where, and especially A. S. speakers, are invited to attend.

Our friends Joel P. Davis, Valentine Nicholson, Asa Pratt, the last a graduate of the "peculiar institution," and other speakers will be present.

We hope to hear a good account from this Convention and Fair, and that our friends in Northern Ohio will feel encouraged to hold similar ones. The plan adopted by our friends in Indiana, is, to contribute for these Fairs, in addition to Needle work, the products of the Farm, and the work-shop.

## Petitioning

If an honest man cannot vote under this government because of the implied wicked oath to support the Constitution, which is a "league with Satan and an agreement with hell," and

If a man cannot act as a legislator, without first becoming associated in the league with Satan, and a party to the agreement with hell, then

A man cannot without violating moral right, ask the law making power to enact or repeal any law however desirable it might be—unless

It is right to do wrong that right or permanent good may grow out of it which is false in the nature of things.

We may ask wicked men to do right, but we cannot ask them to act under a wicked oath.

We cannot ask the legislature not to pass a wicked law, without implying that they may act under their oath to enact good laws.

If I should see Mr. and Mrs. Jones the objects of a vile and infuriated mob, and were to say to the rabble, "you ought not to throw eggs at Mrs. Jones," what would the mob understand by it? "But you may at Mr. Jones."

You may ask wicked men under a great many different circumstances to do good deeds, but whenever you ask them to remain in a state of wickedness, you ask them to sin; and you contradict the truth that now is the time to repent.

J. C. MARSHALL.

REPLY.

The above is an ingenious intermixture of truth and sophistry. Part of it we agree with, and part wholly dissent from. The premises are true, the conclusion irrational.

A government, such as the government of this country which the writer evidently had in his mind, is nothing more nor less than an assemblage of agents who represent the wishes of the people, and are empowered to act on behalf of the individuals who appointed them.

It matters not whether the determination of the people be expressed through their agents or without them, whether by oral declaration, resolution, legal enactment, or personal action, if we have a right to ask the individual to forego a wicked determination, we have a right to ask the agent of that individual to do the same on behalf of his principal, and that without any reference to the price the agent paid for his appointment.

A man declares that he will assault J. C. M. at least once every year; have we a right to ask him to repeat that unwritten law? None will deny it. If ten men make the same declaration, or ten hundred men, have we not the same right to ask each individual of the thousand to forego, to repeal his determination? If the thousand, moved by convenience or caprice, appoint ten of their number to act as representatives of the whole, and to reiterate the same declaration, may we not rightfully demand of the ten representatives what we have demanded of the one, the ten, and the ten hundred individuals? Not if they have taken a wicked oath of office.

What is this oath of office? Simply that they will sustain a constitution which says that J. C. M. may be assaulted yearly. What have they done which the individual wrongdoer has not done? One has unofficially sworn he will assault J. C. M. so long as his inclination requires it—the others have officially sworn they will do so long as the inclination of their employers require it.

If we may ask a pro-slavery northerner to repeal the iniquitous law he has framed in his heart and sworn to sustain, that he will send back every fugitive slave he can catch, may we not ask his representative to do it who has sworn in a different place, and in a somewhat different manner to do the same thing?

—or does the place, and manner of an oath change its character? But our correspondent intimates that the representatives of this government would have no power to repeal unrighteous laws, did they not themselves occupy a false position. Very good. Of course a sinner cannot repent unless he is a sinner; and it should be borne in mind that the position of the private individual is as far from a true one, as is that of the man who represents in public the opinions and wishes of the former.

If J. C. M. believes the conclusion he has drawn, is he not by his own showing guilty of a violation of principle whenever he asks an office holder to throw up his commission, for it could not be thrown up unless he first received it, and he could not have received it had he not first taken the oath of office.

Consistency does not always require us to ask of a drunkard in the same breath that he shall not break his crockery, abuse his children, beat his wife, fire his house, drink rum, and eat cards, so to the theatre, curse and swear, vote for a slaveholder, and such abolitionists. If, with torch in hand, he is about to fire his dwelling, it is perhaps sufficient for the time that you endeavor to convince him of the madness of the attempt; if he is about to disturb an anti-slavery meeting, a lecture on card playing and profanity might be dispensed with until you have dispelled his morose feelings.

In certain cases men should be governed by circumstances in deciding how much and what to ask; and it matters but little whether the individual of whom the request is made is a drunken citizen or drunken representative, drunken on alcoholic drink, or on the wine of oppression. None need fear they will be guilty of doing wrong in asking any and every man, legislator or non-legislator, to cease to do evil; each one judging for himself whether at that particular time he had better throw the request into general terms, or direct the individual's attention to some particular wrong, and enforce the duty of immediate repentance in relation to that.

We have no doubt our correspondent would be glad to hear a few months hence, that the Legislators of Ohio had unanimously repealed the black laws of the State. Such an act would either be right or wrong. If wrong, he should make it a subject for mourning instead of a matter for rejoicing—if right, would it be wrong to ask them to do it? Suppose further, that a growing knowledge of the principles of true democracy should lead them to see that the State Constitution needed amendment, and their consciences should force them to recommend that it be so amended as to recognize the colored man's right to the elective franchise; would not this be a step, and a great step for them to take in the path of right? Did conscience do right in urging them to this? Was God at fault in thus acting upon their souls? If then it was right for an enlightened conscience to demand it, if it was not wrong for the voice of God to require it, we would suggest to our correspondent that it would be no great violation of right on his part to ask it of them, for in so doing he would not ask them to remain in a state of wickedness," but to be not wholly corrupt, though occupying a wicked position.

Let us now make a few applications of the non-petitioning or non-asking principle, and see how it would operate. Government takes a part of our correspondent's property, promising in consideration thereof to keep in good repair the road that passes before his door; will he refuse to ask the supervisor to fill up the mud hole and mend the broken bridge that so seriously inconveniences him? Government issues a Treasury note of which our correspondent becomes possessed, and which is only valuable because it contains a promise to redeem it in gold or silver; will he refuse to ask the Treasurer for the specie? Government condemns a man to imprisonment for a crime of which he is guiltless; our correspondent can establish his innocence and procure his release; will he refuse to ask government to give him a hearing? Though innocent himself he is arraigned for a capital crime; will he refuse to ask the court to hear the testimony of the witness he has called—will he refuse to ask the jury to render a verdict of acquittal? If incarcerated in prison, and the keeper neglected to bring him his food; would he refuse to ask for it? If condemned to execution and the jailer was favorable to his escape, would he refuse to ask him to forget to lock the door of his cell?

We might multiply cases to an indefinite extent, but those cited are sufficient to show that men continually ask or petition the government to do what is right, without in any way endorsing its authority by so doing; and it would take even a more microscopic power of vision than our correspondent possesses to discover any immorality in the action in the cases mentioned. The mere fact that these things are done, is true does not prove them to be right; but having shown that it is not wrong to ask government, or any other body of men to do right, it is well to illustrate the absurdity of a practical application of an opposite principle.

The Chicago Journal says that on the 23rd ult., two negroes claimed as slaves, whilst undergoing an examination before Justice Kercheval, were forcibly taken from the Court by a mob, and hurried out of its jurisdiction. The Journal, while reprobating the black laws of Illinois, properly condemns in strong terms, this outrage of all law.—Buffalo Pilot.

Such an announcement should cause no surprise—the only wonder is, there are so few of them. The doctrine of the American people as promulgated not only from the stump, but from the pulpit, directly leads to such action. Are we not constantly told that liberty is man's birth-right, and that he who would not strike for freedom, deserves to be enslaved. True, the orators are not desirous that the colored man should make an application of this doctrine to himself, yet how can he avoid doing it? Its true meaning is as clear as though the appeal had been directly made.

"Hereditary bondage! know ye not Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow!"

Public opinion does not protect the fugitive slave in the Northern States, and the law requires his surrender. Is it then a matter of surprise that the fugitive and the friends of the fugitive should attempt to defend his rights by physical force? Nay, verily! and unless non-resistance principles grow as rapidly as anti-slavery, occurrences such as the above, may be greatly multiplied.

We agree with the Journal, and with the Pilot, that such action is a violation of all law, yet we doubt whether the editor of either would advise a submission to laws which declared that his wife and children should be enslaved. This, however, is an inconsistency not uncommon. Is it not in fact unreasonable to require that men should respect laws which keep men slaves? They may yield an outward obedience on the ground of expediency, because they are powerless to oppose them; but there is a deep and growing hatred toward such laws, and unless the North is speedily released from the accursed bond of compromise by which she is fettered to the South, every attempt to recapture a slave may be a battle signal. A peaceable dissolution of the Union is to be hoped for and labored for. If the efforts to obtain it should fail, a bloody revolution sooner or later will draw the dividing line between a free and slave territory.

## The Liberia Packet.

It is sometimes amusing to see a nursery urchin building block houses, and hear his childish prattle about the many fine things he is going to do with his wooden bricks.—His, is a harmless employment; and were it not that African Colonization is so wicked in its origin, and so prejudicial to the interests of the colored man, it would be as amusing in its development, and in the predictions of its builders, as the rearing of nursery houses by juvenile architects. The members of the American Colonization Society manifested a childish desire to build up a government on the coast of Africa, not such a one as big men build, but a little tiny one that could be built out of things not fit for big men's government. And as little children sometimes play at keeping store, these bigger children played at commerce and agriculture—they were going to have coffee plantations, and to deal in Palm oil and various other African staples, and it was reported that they did actually import from their government a childish desire to build up a government on the coast of Africa, not such a one as big men build, but a little tiny one that could be built out of things not fit for big men's government. And as little children sometimes play at keeping store, these bigger children played at commerce and agriculture—they were going to have coffee plantations, and to deal in Palm oil and various other African staples, and it was reported that they did actually import from their government a childish desire to build up a government on the coast of Africa, not such a one as big men build, but a little tiny one that could be built out of things not fit for big men's government. 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the proceedings at Madison. It commenced in his usual coarse and abusive language, accusing us of falsehood and dishonesty. We handed it back to him, after reading the first paragraph, remarking that if he wished to correct any thing we had said, he could do so in our columns, in decent and respectful language; but that he could not impugn our veracity or honesty in our own columns—he could do so in the Church or Tabernacle, to his heart's content.

His condemnation of the entire article, it will be observed, was based upon the character of the first paragraph, that being all that he read. We quote the paragraph in question.

To the Editor of the *Cleveland American*:

Your paper of the 8th inst. contains a notice of the Celebration at Centerville, on the 4th inst., in which the course of my wife and myself, on that occasion, is totally misrepresented. I therefore ask you, as an act of justice, to publish the following correction.

Let us try the second paragraph.

In your first allusion to myself, you say:—"Mr. Foster introduced a resolution censuring Cassius M. Clay, we believe, which he said he had been requested to introduce and speak upon." This statement is entirely incorrect. I introduced no resolution having any reference whatever to Mr. Clay. The paper which I introduced was a Protest and Pledge against the Mexican war, which had been placed in my hands by the President of the Lake County Anti-Slavery Society, with a request that I would speak upon it.

What exceedingly coarse and abusive language! "What terrible accusation of falsehood and dishonesty!" The nerves of L. L. Rice must be as delicate and as sensitive as those of a court-bred lady. Pity he was not as honest in indicting the *gag* as was Hampshire's Abolition. Milton Sutfill stands by and encourages him in his mean and contemptible course, and desires that such a sheet as the American may have a more extensive circulation, boasting meanwhile of his love of free discussion, it is too much like the Irishman's reciprocity—all on one side. If this be Liberty party's idea of free speech, South Carolina and Georgia enjoys it in perfection.

"Plea for the Oppressed and Enslaved."—The first number of a paper bearing this title has just been published by the Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society of Ashabula co. They design to issue two more numbers, and circulate them gratuitously. It is devoted to the abolition of the Ohio Black Laws, and is edited by Betsey M. Cowles. The number before us contains many very interesting and important facts in relation to the operation of those laws on the colored people of this state. We design making some extracts from it at a future time.

The Britannia arrived at Boston without Mr. Garrison; he will probably return in the next steamer. His labors in England have been unceasing.

On Wednesday, Oct. 12th, Mr. Garrison, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Wright, and Mr. Douglass, attended a meeting at Manchester, at the close of which a slave recently escaped, bearing in his hand a slave-whip, presented himself as a living witness of the abominations of slavery, with great effect.

"All men are created equal, with an inalienable right to liberty," said the Americans, as they drove back the masses of British soldiery which were poured into this country by Tyrants. "Slaves cannot breathe in England," says British Law, as the American Slave presents himself, with his back all scarred and lacerated, as evidence of his inalienable right to liberty.

The suffering of the poor in some portions of Europe, is very great.

We suppose, however, that the large packs of hounds and troops of lackeys, kept by those devouring moths in that country, called nobles and gentlemen, are well fed, while human beings are in a starving condition.

We append the following accounts of sufferings.

The London correspondent of the N. Y. Journal of Commerce, says:

The famine in the Highlands of Scotland is one of the most frightful kind. The potato crop has totally failed there, and many families exist entirely upon shell-fish. Fresh accounts have come up, giving harrowing details of the state of the population in the Isle of Mull. Last week the news was dire, this week the intelligence is anguishing. The government have dispatched commissioners to the starved districts, with full power to draw upon the treasury, and form a commissariat. The relief can only be temporary, and all the temptations of the government and the lairds will not induce the peasantry to emigrate.

From Ireland the accounts continue to present increased suffering of the people, and a dread of desperate coming outrages. Some bread riots had taken place, but they were soon appeased.

I told you a few weeks ago, on the authority of the celebrated Dr. Ryan, that the Asiatic Cholera was silently, slowly, but surely approaching Europe. The accounts which you received by the last steamer showed this sinister and fatal progress from Sicily to British India into Persia, where it struck down prince and peasant, the latter in fearful numbers. It is now hovering over the frontiers of Russia and Turkey, making frightful ravages, and stealthily moving onwards, defying check or control.

WHAT NEXT?—Two German chemists, Prof. Balthger, of Frankfurt, and Prof. Schonbein, of Basle, have simultaneously made the discovery that raw cotton can be so prepared as to act as a substitute for gunpowder. Its advantages may be briefly summed up thus: The process of preparing it requires but a few hours—it is done without the aid of machinery—no danger need be apprehended from its spontaneous combustion or combustion from friction—it is far superior to the best gun-

powder—may be soaked in water without being permanently injured, as when dried its explosive power is the same as before. A correspondent of the Washington Union met Prof. B. at a dinner party in Frankfurt, and thus describes some experiments he witnessed:

"Professor Balthger took from each of his waistcoat pockets, a paper containing some raw cotton; a small portion of that which was in one he placed upon a sheet of white paper, and near it some gunpowder upon another sheet. He touched them at the same moment with the burning end of a cigar, and with the quickness of the lightning's blast, the cotton was consumed without smoke, or odor, or ashes, or even the slightest stain upon the snow-white sheet of foolscap; while the ignition of the gunpowder seemed to be slow, although of the best quality, by which the paper was burnt and colored, and the room filled with smoke. He then took a small quantity of gunpowder and placing it upon paper, entirely covered it with prepared cotton from the other paper. Touching the cotton with the blaze of a match, it exploded without burning the gunpowder! Subsequently, at my apartments, he exploded cotton upon the palm of my hand, without my feeling the sensation of heat, such was the remarkable rapidity of its ignition."

AN ACT  
For the relief of John Carter.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled:

That John Carter, of Georgetown, in the District of Columbia, be and he is hereby authorized to bring into the District of Columbia, from the State of Alabama, his slave man William, and the said slave to hold in the said District, in the same manner as if the said William had been always resident in said District, any law or usage to the contrary notwithstanding. Approved March 2, 1811.

The above is one of the private acts of Congress. Is it constitutional or unconstitutional? Congress has power to legislate for the District of Columbia in all cases whatsoever; did it go beyond its authority in this case? If it is a violation of any specific article of the National Compact, let it be shown; if it is not, why deny that that document is pros- latory?

From the *Signal of Liberty*.  
Slaveholding Supervision.

It is astonishing to consider what an influence the slaveholders have obtained over every public institution in the United States. Facts perpetually occurring show that the fear of the slaveholders extends to all parts of the country, and all classes of the community. For an example, we will mention a story told by the *Charter Oak* about Torrey and the recent commencement of Yale College.

"It is customary for the Alumni of the College to meet on the day before Commencement, and exchange congratulations both in conversation and in brief public speeches. On these occasions, the Secretary usually reads a list of those Graduates who have died within the twelve preceding months, with very concise notices of their lives and characters. When this list was read at the last commencement, the name of Rev. C. T. Torrey, of the class of 1833, was mentioned, with the additional statement, that 'He died in prison, a sacrifice to his principles.'"

A flood of curs, present on the occasion, was dissatisfied with this meagre announcement. Although no express censure was contained in the words of the obituary notice, yet as the fact was stated that he died in prison, that circumstance would certainly convey unfavorable impressions of the man, to all who should hereafter read the notice, if unacquainted with the history of his case. "True, it was stated that he died 'a sacrifice to his principles.' But there are bad principles, as well as good ones; and many a slaveholder for one as well as the other. This document, therefore, which was to remain on record as a permanent memento of the departed graduates, might leave a stain on the character of the noble martyr, Charles T. Torrey.

Our friend therefore, wished an amendment inserted after the word 'prison' so that the obituary notice should read thus: 'He died in prison, to which he was consigned by the laws of Maryland, for aiding slaves to gain their liberty.' This amendment, it will be seen, expressed no opinion on the propriety of Torrey's course; it merely states a fact, so that all persons could know why he was in prison, and what his principles were."

This friend of Torrey, instead of offering his amendment like a man, had evidently the fear of the Slaveholders before his eyes: for he went all around the assembly, trying to find somebody who would back him up with a speech. An antislavery lawyer approved and would second the amendment, but would not make a speech on it, because there would be "a tremendous storm in the meeting, and many would apprehend great injury to the College." An antislavery minister declined, because he was a young man, and there would be "a great uproar" if the thing was proposed. He then went to the Secretary of the meeting, a classmate of Torrey, and asked him merely to read the amendment, and have it inserted if there was no objection. But the Secretary, after going and asking permission of his overseer, declined having any thing to do with it. He then went to a leading man, a member of the Corporation, who declined thus:

"No: I will have nothing to do with it. Don't you see that you will throw a fire-brand into the meeting? The room is half full of gentlemen from the South and they won't bear it—you'll just ruin the College at the South, and give it an ill name there"—and turned his back.

Mr. Torrey's friend found another antislavery man, usually fearless, who declined because he was a young man. Next, he went to an antislavery veteran, who declined because his business and livelihood in the city would be endangered if not absolutely destroyed, if he should offer it, says he, "It will excite a prejudice against the College at the South, and the friends of the College will be bitter against me." So he gave up in despair!

It strikes us that if the friend of Mr. Torrey had the power of offering his amendment, and did not, he showed himself the greatest coward of all.

But it is not melancholy to see such a slavish and servile spirit in the highest classes! Torrey had reason to spurn with contempt such a set of College dough-faces.

### The Slaves Selah and John.

A correspondent of the Liberty Press, who dates from Niagara Falls, relates the following interesting incidents:

"Not long since there might have been seen among the multitudes in this place from the land of whips and handcuffs, a father, son, and daughter, attended in the rear by a very interesting-looking female of eighteen, with complexion differing somewhat from those who led the train. Having satisfied their curiosity by a view of nature's works from both sides of the river, they were ready for their departure homeward in the six o'clock morning cars. On retiring for the night, the young mistress strictly enjoined upon Selah, whose bed must be placed close alongside her own, that she should awake her at precisely five o'clock. But morning came, and instead of her ever faithful attendant, the whistling of cars broke in upon her slumbers. The cry of Selah! Selah! rang through the apartment, and echoed answered Selah. Well, after a fruitless search for their domestic, (as they were pleased to call her just then,) they commenced searching her track; and don't you think they had the audacity to call early at my door and with honeyed words sought to convince me that their great solicitude was lest she had been over-persuaded against her wishes, and said they only desired to furnish her with clothing and money, and all that sort of thing. But when assured if they wanted to make a show of their liberality, that vouchers would be given that any money or vouchers left for her benefit should find its way to her or back again to the donor, they had no further profligate to make."

About eight o'clock, they learned that a female answering their description, had taken passage about an hour before in the steamer for Toronto. The night was excessively dark and rainy, and six miles of rough ground had to be measured by a defenseless lone young female. It could not be. He would not believe it. When constrained at length, however, against his wishes, to believe, he then declared he would have her if it cost him a thousand dollars. He accordingly hired an accomplice, and both started in pursuit. But after all his pains-taking, the refractory thing addressed him a note declining to see him. So he had to return as he went, declaring then that he did not care a damn for a nigger any how; and the next morning they started South, minus one of their company."

But scarcely had their place been made vacant at the hotel, before a Mississippian, with his boy John, chanced this way, and as true as you live, this thing John had such a taste for natural curiosities that he chose to remain here in preference to returning South, but on the whole gave his preference to the Canadian shore; and although an offer of three hundred dollars was made to obtain his whereabouts, yet John was as safe as a "thief in the mill," under the protection of the British Lion. What uncertain commodities are these walking chattels, especially if they chance to spy Freedom's shore!"

The Late Gale.  
The gale which recently swept our eastern and southern coast, has been much more terrible in its effects further south. A correspondent of the New York Herald thus writes from

KEY WEST, Oct. 14, 1846.

We are here in the midst of the most awful visitation. A hurricane, on the 11th inst., swept over the island, and there is not a house that is not injured. Many have been swept into the sea—others crushed; and amid the blast of the storm, the rush of waters came in to close the scene of terror and dismay. Every building is unroofed—families are destitute of every thing—and every vessel in port is dismantled or bilged, save one schooner. Sand Key West light, with fourteen persons, was swept away, and all of the works of the United States now in progress here, entirely destroyed. The sea rolled in from the southward and westward, and we had to wade amid the sweeping waves, among the ruins of dwellings, spars, and the timber of the bridges—beams and slates, and bricks, and boards flying through the air, to higher ground for safety. God be praised! the loss of life thus far is small, when the dreadful character of the visitation is before us. Some spent the night in the woods. Families were packed closely in every available spot where a foot could press.

May we not hope that the liberal and benevolent will see this visitation to heart, and that in this hour of need, they will array themselves on the side of mercy, and do good in the impulse of brotherly love. Houseless, homeless, the child and its mother must suffer much.

We raise nothing on the island—and our cattle such as were, are destroyed—hunger threatens, and should sickness ensue, there is no limiting the progress of disease with such pabulum to feed on! Yesterday the schooner S. Dennis came in dismantled; last night the brig Napoleon was towed in dismantled; the schooner Exchange is lost, and with the mate—the captain and crew brought down here a large round siera vessel, bottom up, with tobacco and staves; the brig Comptroller is high and dry about six miles from here; and this morning one of the boats of the "Perry" came in, bringing the disastrous news of her loss—all hands saved. We have no news from Tortugas, and entertain great fears for its safety. Nothing from our wreckers at the westward, it was scarcely possible for them to live; but yet we hope they are safe. At half past ten the waters subsided, and like the Dove of old, I went forth seeking the dry land. God of Heaven who can tell the anguish of that weary, weary night! The howling of the wind—the crash of the dwellings; the air filled with missiles, dealing bruises and death—the swelling up of the waters in front, and the wild shriek of women and children—the gurgling dying sound of some swimmer in his agony—may be conceived—but alas! no description can shadow its reality. I have been in several scenes of danger and death—stood firm in battle—and reached an inhospitable shore upon the plank of our gallant but broken ship—endured the heat of a burning cline, with pestilence around me—and suffered from the "muddying of fortune's moat"—but this hour of distress nearly unmanned me—a wife and child I had to save—and God be thanked they were saved.

At Havana, judging from the following extract from the Savannah Georgian, the storm must have been terrific.

During the Hurricane, being in the city was dangerous from large sheets of lead and

tile pots blown down from the tops of the houses; these lay about in every direction, and were in many instances carried by the wind to a great distance. The beautiful Palmetto and other trees which adorned the Government Square, were broken and torn, even the lamp posts, &c. The wind was strongest about nine o'clock, at which time it shifted suddenly to the N. W. and blew with terrific violence. The air was filled with dense clouds of "spoon drift" or salt spray, which it was impossible to face. This spray was carried for half a league into the country and deluged the houses, entering the crevices and flooding the streets. The surf and spray was seen to dash high over the lanterns of the Light House on the Moro Castle.

Many houses were blown down or unroofed, and among them, the Tucson Theatre, which was partially unroofed, and received other damage. The streets were nearly deserted except by occasional detachments of soldiers, ordered to different posts, to give assistance where it was needed.

The beautiful Passaic, the fashionable drive and promenade of the citizens, suffered in its shrubs, trees, plants, and after the hurricane, many were forcibly detained to assist in moving the rubbish and ruins from the streets. An occasional pedestrian might be seen flying faster than they appeared willing to go, borne by the irresistible force of the wind, which swept through the long narrow streets with incredible force.

But the wharves presented the most disastrous spectacle; ships, barks, brigs and schooners, some crowded, or totally crushed, to pieces, with the owners, captains and sailors gazing upon the scene of destruction. Some vessels known to be in the harbor previous to the hurricane, have disappeared, and their fate left to conjecture. As nothing could be seen a furlong's length, owing to the showers of spray and drift which filled the air, and as the wind blew nearly into the harbor, they could not have gone out, but the sad spectacle of masts, spars, yards and pieces of wrecks, which strewn the harbor, proved that they must have drifted into each other and sunk or gone to pieces. The numerous men of war were driven ashore and dismantled.

It is not known how many lives were lost, but bodies were seen floating in the harbor in the different dresses of seamen in the merchant and naval services.

Fears were entertained regarding several vessels which sailed the day preceding the hurricane.

The Governor had issued permission to such as had their houses damaged, to rebuild with wood, a privilege hitherto denied under such circumstances.

From the *Pleasure Boat*.  
Barbarous Treatment of Colored Seamen.

It is estimated by one who has large opportunities for collecting facts, that in the United States there are 15,000 colored seamen; 6,000 of whom are engaged in the merchant service; 1,100 in the naval service; 2,600 in the whaling service, and 5,300 in internal navigation, on board canal boats, steamboats, &c. These men are not only deprived of their birthright to the earth, but on account of prejudices against color, are shut out of nearly all mechanical occupations and are thus prevented from accumulating enough to purchase back their birthright, and are driven upon the ocean to procure the means of support for themselves and their families; and the laws of this barbarous nation are such, that if they enter the ports of the slave-holding States, in the honest occupation of seamen, they are taken from the vessels and justly put in jail, and compelled to pay their own board until the vessel is ready to sail.

I have before me an extract from the laws of Louisiana, providing that any free negro, mulatto, or person of color that arrives at any port in the State, shall be apprehended on warrant from the judge or justice of the peace in the parish, and committed to the parish jail, there to be confined until the vessel shall be ready to proceed to sea, when the master of the vessel shall by the written permit or order of the judge, or justice, take up on the back, when he meets a stranger of color (Mexican or other) in the highway. His back is up and he growls with a dogmatical sort of joy, at prospect of a curish encounter. All this is—or may be—dog-bravery. But it isn't man-bravery. Cats elevate their backs, when they meet strange cats—in a garret or elsewhere; and they make dulcet music, of a hot midnight, when they come athwart each other, (two Thomases) behind a barn, or under the window of an unucky bedroom. This is cat-bravery, and the proper precursor of cat-trophies. But mankind don't feel so, or act so, at thought of square-fights among human creatures. If they do it isn't manly or brave. I say every brave man feels shocked and frightened at thought of this Mexican war. He is scared at thought of the hideous suffering it must inflict on his fellow men. And on the wretched woman. Heaved, widowed woman. Not the sufferings of the battlefield alone, though those are enough to "hang the heavens in black," the round globe over, —but the sufferings of the soldier's family and his friends—and the sufferings of the working poor. The sufferings of our own New Hampshire labor. Labor on such a soil as ours and under such a climate.

This War, in the mere matter of pecuniary expense,—the cash down—the immediate expense,—aside from the endless charges it entails on the country for time to come, is \$10,000 a day expenditure, which has its gift to be plowed and hoed out, between the fishes and the earth—to starving a woman and a suffering on this people which ought to make every heart quail. And every brave heart will quail. The heart that doesn't, is a coward's. It might fight, for fear of impatience,—but it is a coward's heart. It isn't a man's heart. Whether it be a Christian's heart, depends upon the kind of Christianity. Captain Patridge made out war Christian enough the other day, in the Peace meeting —if King David was a Christian, or John the Baptist, or Saint Paul. He alluded to the fact that Christ Himself didn't preach directly against it—as an argument for his Christianity. If Christ really intended (I am going to say a desperate thing here—and I guess Henry Wood will print part of it—clerically suppressing the rest,) if Jesus of Nazareth really intended—by refraining to denounce War to signify any approbation of it, he was not a peace man—and as little entitled to the appellation of Prince of Peace, as Zachary Taylor, out here in Mexico, or he that was Old Hickory. I should like to have Henry Wood print this—if he will be honest enough to print a whole sentence.

I am shocked at this War. I am ashamed I am not more shocked. If I were enough so, I could shock some others at it. I am

shocked and appalled at the indifference of the people at it. Which is so profound and so stupid, that it does not disturb them to think it will cost them \$70,000 a week, here in New Hampshire. Let them be taxed \$70,000 a week—or even \$70,000, for any good natured object, and even the Legislature would cry out in their behalf. But for a silly, cowardly, uncivilized war, they will pay \$70,000 a week—or three millions and a half a year—the New Hampshire farmers alone—for nobody else than the workies pay any thing) and won't wink at it. Verily we are a sensible people as well as pious.—N. P. Rodgers.

And any person that harbors a colored minister or a sick seaman who is in the state contrary to the above law, or gives him a shelter from the storm but for a night, is liable to a fine of \$200.

Wonderful Christianity! and yet religionists of nearly all parties support it. Even the Quakers of the North hold fellowship with Quakers of the South that assist in carrying these laws! A minister of Friends' Society in Louisiana, was sent to the coast to sell bibles, and to give aid to every Christian principle of defense, and to travel on humanity; and then travel to the North with a certificate of unity from his Yearly Meeting, and here he is received by the rulers, followed from meeting to meeting, and even here, fed by rulers at their own tables on the productions of southern slavery, and produce eaten food produced by the labor of him who was condemned to perpetual slavery only for being cast away in a storm on the coast of Louisiana, or for preaching the gospel in that State. No wonder the Friends here, are continually inventing falsehoods against the Boat and its editor for exposing their hypocrisy! Joined to their idols—bound to their traditions—filled with the world, the flesh and the devil to the brim, no wonder they are determined to rush onward, trampling humanity under foot. But thanks to the power of truth, there is yet a little band of Quakers alive in Indiana and Iowa, a little remnant that dare to say the black man belongs to God instead of man; though they have been denounced and condemned by the body, if they are faithful their testimony will yet shake the foundation of this "Brotherhood of Thieves."

I would seriously ask if my readers are aware that, by upholding our government, they are guilty of the above. If the honest really leave the wrongs committed by our government, they would recoil from it, as from a den of vipers.

THE WAR.  
I can hardly realize that this country is involved in War, and this moment engaged in the barbarous and savage business of human slaughter. At this time of the world's day, and in this republican country—where there is no king to gamble with a fellow monarch—with the lives and the limbs of the people for counters. The people, here, with a chance (nominally) of a brief periodical election of their public servants—as they call them—also! they are their rulers, and deceivers—the people are at war and are making the hot months "hideous"—among the chapparals of Mexico and under the blistering sun, with the burning work of battle. Our working people are transformed into the warriors of old, barbarous back times. Oh! it is amazing to think—and terrifying to see, how little the people are shocked at it—yes, how not at all are they moved—except in accordance with it, and as if intoxicated by its savage alcohol. The people was inflamed all the land over. Their veins swell in their temples and their nostrils dilate as if they "smelled the battle afar off." Bate more, I guess, than they would if they smelt it near by. For true courage and heroism is shocked at the thought of War. None but moral cowards would kindle (with any thing but indignation) at such an idea. Real bravery—good bravery—the bravery of man and not of beast—quits at thought of the shedding of others blood. It dare not do it. A dog barks up on the back, when he meets a stranger dog (Mexican or other) in the highway. His back is up and he growls with a dogmatical sort of joy, at prospect of a curish encounter. All this is—or may be—dog-bravery. But it isn't man-bravery. Cats elevate their backs, when they meet strange cats—in a garret or elsewhere; and they make dulcet music, of a hot midnight, when they come athwart each other, (two Thomases) behind a barn, or under the window of an unucky bedroom. This is cat-bravery, and the proper precursor of cat-trophies. But mankind don't feel so, or act so, at thought of square-fights among human creatures. If they do it isn't manly or brave. I say every brave man feels shocked and frightened at thought of this Mexican war. He is scared at thought of the hideous suffering it must inflict on his fellow men. And on the wretched woman. Heaved, widowed woman. Not the sufferings of the battlefield alone, though those are enough to "hang the heavens in black," the round globe over, —but the sufferings of the soldier's family and his friends—and the sufferings of the working poor. The sufferings of our own New Hampshire labor. Labor on such a soil as ours and under such a climate.

This War, in the mere matter of pecuniary expense,—the cash down—the immediate expense,—aside from the endless charges it entails on the country for time to come, is \$10,000 a day expenditure, which has its gift to be plowed and hoed out, between the fishes and the earth—to starving a woman and a suffering on this people which ought to make every heart quail. And every brave heart will quail. The heart that doesn't, is a coward's. It might fight, for fear of impatience,—but it is a coward's heart. It isn't a man's heart. Whether it be a Christian's heart, depends upon the kind of Christianity. Captain Patridge made out war Christian enough the other day, in the Peace meeting —if King David was a Christian, or John the Baptist, or Saint Paul. He alluded to the fact that Christ Himself didn't preach directly against it—as an argument for his Christianity. If Christ really intended (I am going to say a desperate thing here—and I guess Henry Wood will print part of it—clerically suppressing the rest,) if Jesus of Nazareth really intended—by refraining to denounce War to signify any approbation of it, he was not a peace man—and as little entitled to the appellation of Prince of Peace, as Zachary Taylor, out here in Mexico, or he that was Old Hickory. I should like to have Henry Wood print this—if he will be honest enough to print a whole sentence.

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And any person that harbors a colored minister or a sick seaman who is in the state contrary to the above law, or gives him a shelter from the storm but for a night, is liable to a fine of \$200.

Wonderful Christianity! and yet religionists of nearly all parties support it. Even the Quakers of the North hold fellowship with Quakers of the South that assist in carrying these laws! A minister of Friends' Society in Louisiana, was sent to the coast to sell bibles, and to give aid to every Christian principle of defense, and to travel on humanity; and then travel to the North with a certificate of unity from his Yearly Meeting, and here he is received by the rulers, followed from meeting to meeting, and even here, fed by rulers at their own tables on the productions of southern slavery, and produce eaten food produced by the labor of him who was condemned to perpetual slavery only for being cast away in a storm on the coast of Louisiana, or for preaching the gospel in that State. No wonder the Friends here, are continually inventing falsehoods against the Boat and its editor for exposing their hypocrisy! Joined to their idols—bound to their traditions—filled with the world, the flesh and the devil to the brim, no wonder they are determined to rush onward, trampling humanity under foot. But thanks to the power of truth, there is yet a little band of Quakers alive in Indiana and Iowa, a little remnant that dare to say the black man belongs to God instead of man; though they have been denounced and condemned by the body, if they are faithful their testimony will yet shake the foundation of this "Brotherhood of Thieves."

of their own country," and win victories ever so "glorious," and then return and are shipwrecked on the coast of Louisiana, they must be banished from the State.

If the Almighty should raise up a colored preacher of righteousness, and send him to that State, he must be carried out of it by a sheriff at his own expense, and should the Lord send him back, he must be imprisoned five years at hard labor, and then, when liberated, if the Lord should call him to preach 30 days in the State, he must be punished by imprisonment to hard labor during life, and that too by a nation of Christians; for the whole nation is bound to support the laws of each State.

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## POETRY.

For the Bugle.

### Cry Aloud, Spare Not.

The following lines were suggested while attending a meeting of a few of the members of the M. E. Church in Painesville, with a view of petitioning the General Conference then about to sit at Akron to send them anti-slavery preachers.

Go on—a righteous God shall be your stay,  
Strengthen your arms and gird you for the fight.  
Truth is immortal, and will guide your way;  
Speak boldly then, God's Word declares you right.

God said "Let there be light," and there arose,  
Spirits who dare to plead his injured cause  
Though Priests and Levites God's own truth oppose  
To keep the chains of sinners bound in laws.

The Christian's law is love, and God hath said  
That "thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."  
But other laws have modern Christians made  
To sell their brother's soul for paltry pelf.

Take for your beacon light God's holy word;  
Then onward Christians, while the church contains  
Pro-slavery teachers, and in concert heard  
Comes up the voice of prayer and clank of chains.

Go on in meekness, but with firm resolve  
Though your opposers are the great and wise;  
Sunder the ties that bind you, and absolve  
The church of Christ from villany and lies.

Shall Christian churches boast of being free  
And nurse this favorite vampire at her breast?  
No! God forbid! from this vile covert flee;  
Speak boldly out, nor let the monster rest.

Murder, and theft, and prostitution; all  
Are the base fruits of this gigantic evil,  
And safe behind an adamantine wall  
Are guarded, both by Preachers and the Devil.

HORATIO.

From "The Fountain," an annual for 1847.

### The Reformer.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

All grim and soiled and brown with tan,  
I saw a Strong One, in his wrath,  
Smiling the goddess shrines of man  
Along his path.

The Church beneath her trembling dome  
Essayed in vain her ghostly charm;  
Wealth shook within his gilded home  
With pale alarm.

Fraud from his secret chambers fled  
Before the sunbeams' burning in;  
Sloth drew her pillow o'er her head  
To drown the din.

"Spare," Art implored, "you holy pile!"  
That grand, old, time-worn turret spire;  
Meek Reverence, kneeling in the aisle,  
Cried out, "Forbear!"

Gray-bearded Use, who, deaf and blind,  
Groped for his old cushioned seat;  
Leaned on his staff, and wept, to find  
His seat o'erthrown.

Young Romance raised his dreamy eyes,  
O'erhauling with pale locks of gold,  
"Why smile," he asked, in sad surprise,  
"The fair, the old?"

Yet louder rang the Strong One's stroke,  
Yet nearer flashed his ax's gleam;  
Shuddering and sick of heart I woke,  
As from a dream.

I looked: aside the dust-cloud rolled—  
The Waster seemed the Builder too;  
Upstepping from the ruined Old  
I saw the New.

'T was but the ruin of the bad—  
The wasting of the wrong and ill;  
Whate'er of good the old time had  
Was living still.

Calm grew the brows of him I feared;  
The frown which awed me passed away,  
And left behind a smile which cheered  
Like breaking day.

Green grew the grain on battle-plain,  
O'er-awarded war-mounds grazed the cow;  
The slave stood forging from his chains,  
The spade and plow.

Where frowned the fort, pavilions gay  
And cottage windows, flower entwined,  
Looked out upon the peaceful bay  
And hills behind.

Through vine-wreathed cups with wine once red,  
The lights on brimming crystal fell,  
Drawn, sparkling, from the violet head  
And mossy well.

Through prison walls, like Heaven-sent hope,  
Fresh breezes blew, and sunbeams strayed  
The young child played.

Where the doomed victim in his cell  
Had counted o'er the weary hours,  
Glad school-girls, answering to the bell,  
Came crowned with flowers.

Grown wiser for the lesson given,  
I fear no longer, for I know  
That, where the shore is deepest driven,  
The best fruits grow.

The outworn right, the old abuse,  
The pious fraud transparent grown,  
The good held captive in the use  
Of Wrong alone—

These wait their doom, from that great law  
Which makes the past time serve to-day;  
And fresher life the World shall draw  
From their decay.

Oh! backward-looking son of time!  
The new is old, the old is new,  
The cycle of a change sublime  
Still sweeping through.

So wisely taught the Indian seer:  
Destroying Seva, forming Brahmin,  
Who wake by turns Earth's love and fear,  
Are one, the same.

As idly as in that old day  
Thou mournest, did thy sires repine,  
So, in his time, thy child grown gray,  
Shall sigh for thine.

Yet, not the less for them or thou  
The eternal step of Progress beats  
To that great anthem, calm and slow,  
Which God repeats!

Take heart!—the Waster builds again—  
A charmed life old goodness hath;  
The tares may perish—but the grain  
Is not for death.

God works in all things; all obey  
His first propulsion from the night:  
Ho, wake and watch!—the world is gray  
With morning light!

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### A TEXT FROM THE STREETS.

A TALE OF 1846.

BY ARNHELD WEAVER.

"And by chance there came down a certain priest that way, and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side—but a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was, and when he saw him, he had compassion on him,—and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him."—Parable of Christ.

Another year was born. The old year died hard—had fought and struggled with its latest breath, going to its stern account as reluctantly as a human misdoer. It departed with the blessings of many and the ban of many. But those who blessed it hailed its successor every whit as readily as those who banished it. The chimes pealed from hundreds of steeples; and thousands of people—some with glass in hand, nodding to their fellows—some raising themselves on their beds, and listening to catch the sound of the swinging bells—some roused by the peal, and hurrying to each other on their straw—some in mansions—some in cellars—some in their only home, the streets—greeted the advent of 1846. Some, and these perhaps were not the fewest, in their only home—the streets. The words will bear repetition. Only let us reflect upon them, and we shall discover how fearful they are. And contemplating the picture they present, does not humanity bow its face to the hem of its garment, and gather up its folds to hide its emotion? In 1846, so many years ago came wise men from the East to the manger cradle of the poor man's friend. So many years ago—and yet in Christendom's most enlightened country, (so it boasts itself) there is a population whose only home is the streets. Oh! Divine Friend, how have we wronged thee! how have we misinterpreted thy mission and thy words of love.

Perhaps of all the wretches that wandered in the streets, and heard the bells beat forth in their peal of jubilee, there was none more deserving of commiseration than a poor boy, who, without shoes to his blistered feet, dragged himself slowly down Holborn hill, and pausing when he came in sight of the gloomy walls of Newgate, burst into tears, evincing the most unequivocal signs of heart-wrung agony. There he stood at the corner of the Old Bailey, gazing on those stern, massive walls, which men should no longer pass without blessing for the ignorance of their fathers who preferred to rear prisoners in the place of schools; choosing to deface God's image and transform its earthly tenement into the lurking haunt of demoniacs, instead of building it up a fit tabernacle for angels. There he stood, the thing that his fellow beings had trampled upon from his cradle-days—the thing which they had made him—a vagrant in the streets—yet with nature pleading in the yearnings of his heart and the rivulets of his eyes for a destiny.

He had never been taught to pray—had never heard the name of God pronounced save as a handle to some drunken oath. No one with Christian pity for his wretched condition, had taken him by the hand and led him to the Sunday school. Ignorant as the beasts that perish, and more neglected—far more so than the present age of fifteen years, a weed growing in the garden of humanity—an excrescence upon the body-politic. He had never, as we have said, been taught to pray—had never heard of God—the of the human soul—knew neither hope of heaven nor fear of hell—and yet, strange circumstance! he did as he gazed on the walls of Newgate. He did pray—not in words—not in gesture. No clasped hands did he lift; no supplicating action did he use. But he did pray with the yearning with which his heart seemed to quit the body, and vault upward into boundless space, to fetch help from where the bright stars shine on serene nights in glory everlasting, to free his brother from the crime-engendering cells of Newgate. In all the wide world he had no relation, no friend, but this brother, pent up in a cell of that great blot upon England's too besmirched escutcheon. Abandoned by their parents, vagrants like themselves; their early childhood they had fostered together in the streets, the growth of our rotten social compact. They could not be other than they were. From untainted, unsought outcasts, characterized by the taint of sin, they had become thieves. Sisyphus might sooner have stayed his stone, than these have been arrested in their course of guilt. And heavy is the responsibility of those who rule and legislate, and make no provision for such orphans of the state.

Separated from his only friend, the boy had no one with whom to exchange a word wherewith to ease his overburdened heart. From the hidden springs of his better nature—the angel that veiled to the world, still pleaded for him with the orphan's God—these gashed forth such an intensity of sorrow, such a deep oppressive sense of his loneliness, that the very stones, more easily touched than senators' hearts, might have grown softer at the sight and sound of woe. St. Sepulchre's Church, a temple erected for the purpose of Christian worship—whose clock strikes the hour at which the hangman, in bold defiance of Christ, ties his dexterous knot and strangles a fellow sinner beneath the insulted skies—sent forth from its steeple a merry peal of bells, welcoming the infant year; the boy turned upward to the bell.

The comedian, attracted by the scene then passing on the pavement of the bridge, pulled the check-string, and alighted without assistance. Gazing at the prostrate and senseless boy—gazing at the girl—he comprehended the whole, and ordered the driver also to dismount.

"Help me in with him," he said to the man; "knock up the first red lamp we reach—or d—n it, no, he doesn't want a doctor. Poor lad, he wants to be placed on the free list of a cook's shop. Help me in with him, and drive like Old Nick."

The fellow complied—judging that his singular fare would not omit an extra sixpence or so, it being New Year's morning, when the goal was reached.

"Go it like bricks, d'y'e hear?" cried the comic actor, when the poor lad was stowed in a recumbent position upon one of the seats.

"Aye, aye, shouted the driver, 'that I will.' 'Treat him well, sir, for God's sake, petitioned the girl.

"Oh, I had forgotten you—jump in, my girl, and you can tell me all about it as we go along."

The driver was as good as his word—past the Obelisk—past the Elephant and Castle—whisk through Kensington Gate—catch the toll, you long-legged lurcher—missed it, have you? there it lies on the ground then—and here we are at Vauxhall Road.

Good fellows these, that kept the supper waiting at the risk of sending the cook to a Lunatic Asylum the next day, while they attend to the poor boy, who from the hour of his birth up to that precise time had never (on our credit as chroniclers) known what it was to call forth mere words, let alone whole-sale acts of sympathy, as on the present occasion. Sympathy! a clout, a kick, a nudge of scorn—threats of blood and tenderness—had been his welcome from society, and hunger so ravaged that it brought the glare of the wolf's eye into his human eyes, had been his daily companion since first in his childish days he hunted the gutter for his food.

"It is a doctrine taught by theologians that the more act of wandering, without anything else, carries out a scheme of suspicion of capital crime," says George Burrow, in his "Gipsies in Spain," quoting a Spanish Doctor. By certain theologians also in England, if we may judge from their conduct, and by too many of the rich among the laity.

The cook could endure it no longer; the pheasants were removed from the spit, and despatched up stairs: come what might of it she did not care, she would sooner lose her place than suffer the birds to stay another turn at the fire. But her master and his friends did not repair to the table, in spite of repeated summonses. The boy, restored by generous cordials, and by more generous food, was telling them his story. And a sight it was to behold these men—and he assured Visitors that they were not aware of who did behold them,—listeners to the touching narrative.

Our tale draws to its close. A call-boy's phillip at the theatre on a rising salary of nine shillings a week, with a certainty of earning some additional five or six as a reward for his company, was promised our hero. And what touched him more at the time, the guests (actors all of them) joined their host in a subscription wherewith to form a consoling fund for his incarcerated brother at the next sessions, thus giving him a chance of escape.

"I think I see you at the back's office in Mobber (Marlborough) street 'to-day, didn't I?" said the girl, "when that young bloke was sent to the jug for priggling the cully's wife."

"Yes," replied the boy, "he was my brother."

"Was he now? Was it his first visit to the back's?"

"No, he's been up three times afore—but he got off once."

"He'll go over the herring-pond, this time, any how."

"I knows he will,"—and the boy burst a-fresh into tears.

"Hang it! don't cry," exclaimed the girl: "I had a sister lagged for fourteen stretch (transportation) for a year, and I never saw her since. The pump, (shed tears) though I went to 'Oolidge to see her the day before she sailed. The boy was suddenly overcome with faintness. If his companion had not caught and supported him he would have fallen down in a swoon as genuine as was ever witnessed at Almack's. The girl became terrified as she saw by the light of a neighboring lamp how pale her brother had grown. "Gale, indeed! for deprivation of every kind had reduced him to a skeleton, and the blood that flows so tenderly in rough aristocratic veins, scarcely circulated through his puny frame."

There came by while the girl thus supported the swooning boy, an individual completely in black, save the white kerchief that embraced his neck. He wore no shirt collar. He walked erect, with his glance directed upwards, as if he sought communion with the clouds, for the stars did not appear that night. So perseveringly did he direct his gaze towards the firmament, that he would have passed, and, of course, unconsciously, the Magdalen, supporting with her feeble arms the boy fainting, perhaps dying, through the world's neglect, had not a gust of wind sweeping over the bridge carried with it the hat of the upward-gazing man, and thus reduced him to the instant necessity of bringing his eyes and his whole attention to the humble earth which he was treading.

Something the man uttered sounded to the girl's ear like an oath—perhaps she was mistaken—as he pounced upon and pinned the flying hat to the pavement with the ferule of his umbrella.

"Oh, sir," she cried, sobered by her situation, "may I help me?"

"Hail! exclaiming the individual, fixing his hat upon his head, 'winners so near me!'"

"'Tis a poor boy, sir. He has eaten nothing—nothing sir, all the day, and I fear he is ill." The girl, it will be remarked, had ceased to quote from her vocabulary of slang. The person addressed—this man, who, with heaven-directed eyes, had lost and regained his hat in the manner just narrated—fixed a scrutinizing and frowning gaze upon the girl, whose strength was growing unequal to her burden.

"You! what are you?" he demanded.

"I, sir!" answered the girl, blushing.

"Yes, you."

"I am a poor girl, sir; I have no home. I am afraid the boy here is dying."

"He is in want, is he?" said the gentleman.

"Oh, he is very much in want, sir."

"Then I will give him this. It will be of service to him, and you know," said he, "the gift will be sanctified?"

He drew forth from his pocket a tract—Pressing it into the girl's hand, he strode onward, and soon renewed his familiar intercourse with the cloudy skies. His steps had scarcely died away, and the disheartened girl, with tears streaming down her cheeks, had just laid her burden on the pavement, for she could no longer support it, when a cab crossed the bridge. Its fare was a comic actor, well known to the visitors at the theatre. Having finished his professional avocations, he was hurrying to celebrate the new year's nativity with a party of friends at Kensington.

The comedian, attracted by the scene then passing on the pavement of the bridge, pulled the check-string, and alighted without assistance. Gazing at the prostrate and senseless boy—gazing at the girl—he comprehended the whole, and ordered the driver also to dismount.

"Help me in with him," he said to the man; "knock up the first red lamp we reach—or d—n it, no, he doesn't want a doctor. Poor lad, he wants to be placed on the free list of a cook's shop. Help me in with him, and drive like Old Nick."

The fellow complied—judging that his singular fare would not omit an extra sixpence or so, it being New Year's morning, when the goal was reached.

"Go it like bricks, d'y'e hear?" cried the comic actor, when the poor lad was stowed in a recumbent position upon one of the seats.

"Aye, aye, shouted the driver, 'that I will.' 'Treat him well, sir, for God's sake, petitioned the girl.

"Oh, I had forgotten you—jump in, my girl, and you can tell me all about it as we go along."

The driver was as good as his word—past the Obelisk—past the Elephant and Castle—whisk through Kensington Gate—catch the toll, you long-legged lurcher—missed it, have you? there it lies on the ground then—and here we are at Vauxhall Road.

Good fellows these, that kept the supper waiting at the risk of sending the cook to a Lunatic Asylum the next day, while they attend to the poor boy, who from the hour of his birth up to that precise time had never (on our credit as chroniclers) known what it was to call forth mere words, let alone whole-sale acts of sympathy, as on the present occasion. Sympathy! a clout, a kick, a nudge of scorn—threats of blood and tenderness—had been his welcome from society, and hunger so ravaged that it brought the glare of the wolf's eye into his human eyes, had been his daily companion since first in his childish days he hunted the gutter for his food.

"It is a doctrine taught by theologians that the more act of wandering, without anything else, carries out a scheme of suspicion of capital crime," says George Burrow, in his "Gipsies in Spain," quoting a Spanish Doctor. By certain theologians also in England, if we may judge from their conduct, and by too many of the rich among the laity.

The cook could endure it no longer; the pheasants were removed from the spit, and despatched up stairs: come what might of it she did not care, she would sooner lose her place than suffer the birds to stay another turn at the fire. But her master and his friends did not repair to the table, in spite of repeated summonses. The boy, restored by generous cordials, and by more generous food, was telling them his story. And a sight it was to behold these men—and he assured Visitors that they were not aware of who did behold them,—listeners to the touching narrative.

Our tale draws to its close. A call-boy's phillip at the theatre on a rising salary of nine shillings a week, with a certainty of earning some additional five or six as a reward for his company, was promised our hero. And what touched him more at the time, the guests (actors all of them) joined their host in a subscription wherewith to form a consoling fund for his incarcerated brother at the next sessions, thus giving him a chance of escape.

"I think I see you at the back's office in Mobber (Marlborough) street 'to-day, didn't I?" said the girl, "when that young bloke was sent to the jug for priggling the cully's wife."

"Yes," replied the boy, "he was my brother."

"Was he now? Was it his first visit to the back's?"

"No, he's been up three times afore—but he got off once."

"He'll go over the herring-pond, this time, any how."

"I knows he will,"—and the boy burst a-fresh into tears.

"Hang it! don't cry," exclaimed the girl: "I had a sister lagged for fourteen stretch (transportation) for a year, and I never saw her since. The pump, (shed tears) though I went to 'Oolidge to see her the day before she sailed. The boy was suddenly overcome with faintness. If his companion had not caught and supported him he would have fallen down in a swoon as genuine as was ever witnessed at Almack's. The girl became terrified as she saw by the light of a neighboring lamp how pale her brother had grown. "Gale, indeed! for deprivation of every kind had reduced him to a skeleton, and the blood that flows so tenderly in rough aristocratic veins, scarcely circulated through his puny frame."

There came by while the girl thus supported the swooning boy, an individual completely in black, save the white kerchief that embraced his neck. He wore no shirt collar. He walked erect, with his glance directed upwards, as if he sought communion with the clouds, for the stars did not appear that night. So perseveringly did he direct his gaze towards the firmament, that he would have passed, and, of course, unconsciously, the Magdalen, supporting with her feeble arms the boy fainting, perhaps dying, through the world's neglect, had not a gust of wind sweeping over the bridge carried with it the hat of the upward-gazing man, and thus reduced him to the instant necessity of bringing his eyes and his whole attention to the humble earth which he was treading.

Something the man uttered sounded to the girl's ear like an oath—perhaps she was mistaken—as he pounced upon and pinned the flying hat to the pavement with the ferule of his umbrella.

"Oh, sir," she cried, sobered by her situation, "may I help me?"

"Hail! exclaiming the individual, fixing his hat upon his head, 'winners so near me!'"

"'Tis a poor boy, sir. He has eaten nothing—nothing sir, all the day, and I fear he is ill." The girl, it will be remarked, had ceased to quote from her vocabulary of slang. The person addressed—this man, who, with heaven-directed eyes, had lost and regained his hat in the manner just narrated—fixed a scrutinizing and frowning gaze upon the girl, whose strength was growing unequal to her burden.

"You! what are you?" he demanded.

"I, sir!" answered the girl, blushing.

"Yes, you."

"I am a poor girl, sir; I have no home. I am afraid the boy here is dying."

"He is in want, is he?" said the gentleman.

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